

Hanging the Stockings.

Three little worsted stockings all in a row,
And I have patched two scarlet heels, and
darned a crimson toe.
Over the eyes of azure, over the eyes of
brown.
It seemed as though the eyelids could never
be coaxed fast down.

I sang for a good long hour before they were
shut quite tight;
For to-morrow will be Christmas, and St. Nick
comes to-night.
We laughed as we dropped the candles out
and out,
For not one little stocking was missing from
the row.

But O, the empty cradles—the tears that fill
low we,
The voice of Rachel crying—my soul cannot
forget;
For there is no child to-night, in many a
house I know,
Where a little sock was hanging only a year
ago.

And when our work was ended, we stood a lit-
tle apart,
Silently praying the Father to soothe that
mother's heart
Who looks on her unworn stockings amid her
fading tears,
Whose darling is keeping Christmas in Christ's
eternal years.

The Old Virginia Christmas.

Apple cider, 'tis the best,
Christmas comes but once a year."

And I have always felt thankful that
it does not come any oftener; rare
things are generally valued. Why, if
diamonds were as common as dewdrops
in May, or pearls as frequently seen as
the first jewels of December, people
would say, "lovely but valueless." And
if Christmas came two or three times a
year it would soon lose its popularity
and be held a thing of no account. As
it is, how brightly do we anticipate its
coming; how eagerly is it welcomed,
and with what reluctance do we see it
depart! And if Christmas is now "a joy
forever," what must it have been in the
fine old "days of yore?" Only those
who have passed a Christmas at a Vir-
ginia mansion, can realize its pleasures.
Its joys begin with Christmas Eve,
when the scattered members of the fam-
ily and a few chosen guests begin to
gather in. Carriage after carriage rolls
up to the broad steps, and merry, hap-
py faces are collecting in the cosy sit-
ting room. Tumult rules the hour, for
everybody is glad to see everybody else,
and each one has a thousand things to
say. But after supper they quiet down,
and begin to enjoy rational conversa-
tion. The little ones hang their stock-
ings up and want to sit up half the
night talking about Santa Claus. At
an early hour the "good nights" are
spoken and all go to sleep, "so as to
feel refreshed to-morrow." To-morrow
begins at an early hour, for before cock-
crow the servants come in to kindle the
fire, each eager to be the first to claim
"Christmas gift" of the "white folks."

The children also rise early, to seek in
the toes of their stockings the hidden
treasures that have filled their dreams.
The lazy elders slumber on, or try to
slumber on, for the children and dar-
lings are too hilarious to admit of undis-
turbed slumbers. About nine comes
the smoking breakfast, the table drawn
up to the wide old fire-place, blazing
with flickery logs. The little ones, still
busy with Santa's presents, are grouped
on the rug, discussing and comparing
their stores. The grown people take
their places at the table; the gray-haired
father returns thanks for "all these
blessings," each one devoutly bending
the head while, and the children
hushing their chatter, whispering,
"grandpa is saying grace." After this
the plates are turned and many ex-
clamations of pleasure are heard as one
after another finds some pretty present
under his or her plate. These must all
be examined, and breakfast is forgot-
ten until the father says: "Come, girls,
breakfast is getting cold. You can
look at your presents after breakfast."

The mother pours the amber coffee,
clear as wine, and all begin to discuss
the good things that Dinah has sent in
from her savory kingdom, the kitchen.
Breakfast over, the ladies begin to dis-
pense useful presents to the servants,
aprons, handkerchiefs, woolen gloves,
stockings and socks, socks and dresses
for their children, etc. Chloe comes in,
radiant in a crimson bandana turban,
new cotton dress and an immense shiny,
many colored necktie (a present from
young Joe, the dining-room servant) to
wash the breakfast things. The house
is put into beautiful order, and after
while the guests invited to partake of
the Christmas dinner, begin to arrive.

The pleasant day passes quickly. The
older people are in the sitting-room,
quietly enjoying themselves; the parlor
is given up to the young folks, and
whenever the door is opened gay sounds
of song, merry chatter and bursts of
laughter issue into the hall. About 5
o'clock the sumptuous dinner is ready.
I can see the table now, groaning be-
neath its load. The place of honor is
occupied by the lordly turkey, stuffed
with oysters, and accompanied by its
celery sauce. At the other end of the
table is a huge roast of beef, with mash-
ed potatoes. The intervening space is
filled with such minor things as chick-
ens, game, rice, macaroni, sausage,
pickles, catsup, etc. For desert, Joe,
the butler, brings in the Christmas
plum-pudding; mince pies, and custards
and goblets of cool white cream.

After the lamps are lit "old Jim" the
banjo player, is sent for from the quar-
ters and dancing begins, reels, quad-
rilles and cotillions, with now and then
a spirited waltz. The servants gather
about the parlor windows "to peep,"
and the dancers catch occasional glimpses
of dusky faces peering in at them.
Presently a servant enters bearing a
tray filled with glasses. Another fol-
lows with a huge bowl of foaming gold-
en egg nog; and a silver platter laden
with fruit. Everybody drinks this luscious
beverage and Christmas would cease to
be Christmas without it. In the "wee
sma' hours of morning" they separate to
sleep until the 10 o'clock breakfast.
This programme is repeated the next
day and is kept up for a week.

"Merry Christmas, mother!" cheer-
fully exclaimed little Charlie Miggins,
as he bounded into his parent's presence
with a face beaming like a new brass
kettle. "O, don't merry Christmas me!"
growled the old lady. "Yesterday after-
noon there were six mince-pies upon the
top shelf of the pantry. This morning
there are only five. Now, where is that
other pie?" "Mother," solemnly an-
swered the boy, "as true as I live, I
don't know, but brother Bill has been
rolling round the bed all night, sick
enough to die."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Closing Year.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays,
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures,
Divide the long, sad year, that labors by,
Into short measures.

Yes, let them go our day lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till all appointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf
clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs laden,
No new endeavor.

HOW TO MAKE HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Hints on Inexpensive Presents, How to Make and
Where to Get Them—A 12 (per About
Garters, Stockings and Corsets.

While the holidays are joyous for the
men and jolly for the children they are
fraught with anxiety for the women,
who not only must anticipate the gas-
tronomic wants of the household, but
manufacture and invent something for
everybody, regardless of age or sex.
The larger her connection the greater
her responsibility, and long before the
big cousin with the little mustache and
the new baby nephew have been thought
of poor mother is on the verge of dis-
traction. While it is a delightful essen-
tial that all should be remembered, it is
by no means imperative that the favors
should tax the purse. And for the bene-
fit of those with whom economy is an
urgency the following suggestions are
submitted.

One of the most effective and inexpen-
sive waste baskets can be devised for
less than 50 cents. Get a stout peach
basket from your grocer and cover it in-
side and outside with any material that
is handy. If intended for a room much
used, cover it again with some blue pa-
per cambric, stretched on plain. Get
two yards of dotted muslin and have
the inner side put on in gathers and the
outer drapery laid in a loose plaiting.
Cover the connection around the brim
with a ruffling of blue satin ribbon,
which can be purchased any place for
12 cents a yard. This design is exceed-
ingly pretty if the outside is covered with
silk cut in little gores to fit the basket.
Have Swiss tarlatan or mull lining, and
finish off with a band made of piece
feathers, such as duck, quail, or peac-
ock. These baskets are frequently seen
in handsomely furnished libraries, sit-
ting-rooms, and chambers for waste pa-
per or a catch-all for the threads and
tooth-picks that are constantly appear-
ing on the carpets. For a different style
of parlor receptacle get a common paste-
board box, such as shirts are sold in,
and after removing the edges roll the
cover in the form of a cylinder, lacing
the edges together with a piece of cable
cord. Cut out a circular piece for the
bottom and sew it in with the cord. Line
the entire inside and the outside of the
base with some dark serge or casimere.
Get a piece of coarse canvas, work in a
cross-stitch and border pattern having
different but harmonious colors for every
stripe. Use double zephyr as that is the
best for entirely covering the lines of
the canvas. It will be well to select
black or dark wine color for the back-
ground as the dusting and sweeping
will tell on light worsteds. Fit this over
the box and finish the upper and lower
edge with a heavy black silk cord. If
desired for a little scrap-bag put a loop
of the cord on one side and hang in the
corner near the machine.

For a housewife there are few offerings
from a friend that will be more ac-
ceptable than a sewing-apron. Use grass
linen, duck, or some similar stout goods,
being careful to select a gray or durable
brown. You can buy a paper pattern
for 15c with full directions for making
and trimming. For the same tireless
worker two or three dainty dust-caps
will be appreciated. Cut the paper mus-
lin, which should not be of a light color,
circular, about twelve inches in diam-
eter, and get the edge pinked. Run a
narrow casing two inches from the edge
and gather with a flat elastic.

A dozen kitchen aprons made of
brown gingham, with bib and button,
will cost \$3, and where is the housewife
that will not enthuse? Equally useful is
a couple of holders, wadded, quilted
and bound with a good sized loop at
one corner, so as to secure it for ironing
day. We have seen a sample of this
kind of work. The possessor received it
on her wedding day, and the carefully
applied patches and the darns upon
darns was sufficient evidence that it had
been appreciated.

No bath-room is complete in its ap-
pointments until there is a bracket with
a pair of toilet gloves on it. These are
knitted or crocheted with white ever-
lasting braid, in mitten shape, large
enough to cover a man's hand. They
cost nothing but the time spent in mak-
ing them, and any seven-year-old girl,
or boy either, for that matter, can be
shown how to make them. If the friend-
ship is sufficiently intimate use the same
material and two knitting needles mak-
ing a little square or a rectangular piece
of work for washrags. A collar or hand-
kerchief bag to hang near the toilet table
is a less suggestive gift and a handy
one, too. It can be made of graduated
pieces in tidy-cotton, crocheted in the
afghan stitch, decorated, and sewed to-
gether with scarlet worsted; or a cheap-
er and equally serviceable method is to
crochet an open work bag to a piece of
silver cardboard about six inches deep,
with a circumference to suit the taste.
One seen last week had been manufac-
tured from a pair of father's old duck
pantaloons. The bag, which was used
for holding pieces of soiled laces, meas-
ured some twelve inches in depth, and
the side gores were bound together with
scarlet braid.

An after-dinner apron for a lady can
be fashioned from any kind of fine cot-
ton goods ruffled with deep embroidery.
But these worn with a handsome toilet,
when the lady whiles away the time
with some fancy-work, are made of fine
bobinet heavily darned with floss or
linen thread. The ruffle is made of the
soft same material and a large satin bow
to correspond with the band takes the
place of a pocket. This little gift con-
sumes a vast amount of time but it is
"a thing of beauty, etc." when done.

If devising presents for several ladies,
and there is no objection to duplicates,
procure three or four yards of guipure
embroidery and make some collars. If
dubious about the shape, buy one al-
ready made and use it as a pattern.
The sample costs 75 cents, but out of a
yard of the material, which sells for 90

cents, three can be made. Mark with
indelible ink and send in a neat paper
box. Girls like bustles and nobody
but a girl can estimate the comfort and
durability of one of those wiry append-
ages, especially if it be homemade.

On the back piece the length desired
and ruffs with the hair cloth, laying
them in plaits or heavy gathers. Semi-
circular chums knit black silk stockings,
mittens and fasciators for each other,
and nice exchanges they are, too. Gar-
ters, however, will be the staple this
year. Knee-bands are fashioned from
plain silk elastic, fastened with gold
clasps that are obtained at the large
jewelry stores. When a brass or metallic
buckle is used it is covered with a
large rosette made of dozens and dozens
of loops of narrow cross-grained rib-
bon. The haberdashers of the city carry
a large assortment of these seductive
little zones and also supply circular
boxes, which, when filled and covered
with the glass lid, make a very natty
little poppy-show.

Appropos of the subject of these de-
licate gifts so dear to the feminine heart,
it may be interesting to make mention
of the fact that corsets which have been
previously decorated with hand em-
broidery will be extensively used for
presents where the acquaintance is per-
missible.

A newly married lady would find a
set of dinner mats as comely as they are
useful. Crochet in circular or oval
shapes with darning cotton, carrying as
a stiffening a ball of hempen twine. If
the time cannot be spent in the work,
a very good substitute may be bought
for 75 cents, which admits of hand
painting or will gratify because of their
simplicity.

One who handles the pigments and
brush dexterously will be able to de-
light some dear one with a box of hand-
painted note paper, or a case of regret
cards. A hundred calling cards, penned
by a sister or friend, would be invoiced
"priceless." Girls hate flowers for Christ-
mas or wedding presents, and although
one rarely hears about one girl giving
another a flower offering, hanging
baskets, ivies and pots of blooming
plants often exchange hands. If a flower-
ing plant is decided upon keep the flow-
ers back by pulling off the buds until
nearly the time for presentation has
arrived. For neck wear get from one
to two-and-a-half yards of silk ribbon
and after fringing out the ends paint a
cluster of rose buds or some loose field
flowers to reach not more than four
inches high. While this is less trouble
it is also less pretty than a tie made of
piece goods cut on the bias, hemmed
and finished at the ends with a piece of
oriental or imitation of Irish lace.

Many ladies who have a large circle
to go around and little time in which to
manufacture their gifts, and what is
most lamentable, less money with which
to buy them, will be sorely perplexed in
performing this mission of love satis-
fying to themselves. There are plenty
of decorative novelties that can be made
out of fans, feathers, card-board and
ribbons. Wreaths of evergreen dotted
with holly berries is one reserve. For
perishable gifts select some pretty
candies, flowers, nuts and fruits, and
fill them at home. Put a needlebook or
pin case under the candy, and a tiny
cruet glass bottle filled with perfume or
aromatic salts will enhance the fruit
basket, which may be a beauty and cost
less than 50 cents. Horse-shoes may be
had for the asking, and it need not be
the work of a genius to get a dime's
worth of gilding-paint and 20 cents
worth of ribbon, and assure the recipi-
ent that your love is hers. Then there
are thimbles, by the score, sterling sil-
ver, for 50 and 75 cents each, and for a
couple of dimes you can have the ini-
tials or pet name engraved on one of
the angular corners. If in the rat of
despair, get the rosy light hearted cousin
three yards of wide ribbon in olive,
amber or crimson, to tie round her neck
collar, and she will glorify your name.

A West Side beauty showed a trio of
bat bands for as many brothers-in-law,
and the window picture framed with
love was all, she said, that sister could
have. On one of her forest traps she
had striped some white birches of her
jackets, and its value now is perceptible.

On a square of black card-board she
had placed a couple of figures cut out
of the birch bark. The little girl has
a lozenge on the end of her tongue,
which provokes the lad at her side to
articulate.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart.

The details of costume and landscape
are touched up with paint, and as a
whole, the composition is an interest-
ing one.—*Chicago Herald.*

Christmas Cards.

During the last few years art has en-
tered into and associated itself in many
ways with the common every-day life
of the people, and it has richly im-
proved the opportunities offered to it by
the festival and holiday seasons. The good
wishes and tender thoughts that were
once embodied in tinsel valentines, con-
fectionery mottoes, and cross-stitch are
now expressed in dainty and artistic de-
signs, bearing names well and widely
known among art-workers. The Christ-
mas cards have called forth the best ef-
forts, and for the last three years the
prize cards have been eagerly looked
for. Those of last year felt the influ-
ence of the passing craze for aesthetic
grouping and color, and their grotesque
designs and dull, cold tints secured only
faint praise from a "Philistine" pub-
lic to whom Christmas-tide was asso-
ciated with warmth and light and glow-
ing holiday cheer. Seven designs re-
ceived the eight prizes awarded for this
year, Miss Dora Wheeler gaining both
the first artists' and the first popular
prize. The designs are more pleasing
than those of last year, being warmer
and brighter in color, and more sugges-
tive of the sweet old Christmas story.
Many of them have suffered in the re-
production, the printed copies losing
much of the delicacy and sentiment of
the originals. Miss Wheeler's design
represents the Madonna, with the Child
in her arms, in light, flowing draperies
appearing against a disc of yellow light,
to a mother who stands with her chil-
dren under a leafless tree with their
feet on the globe. The two sacred fig-
ures are stiff and unpleasing, and there
is a suggestion of Vadder in the win-

dawn draperies and heavy lace or the
earthly mother; but in the sweep of the
line, and in the delicate gradations of
color from low, cold tones to warm
blending purple and rose, the work is
exquisite and embodies the pathos and
joy of Christmas-tide. Miss L. B.
Humphrey received the second artistic
prize for a design representing a child
in her night-dress kneeling before a
fireplace while she sends up the peti-
tion:

Good Saint Santa grant, I pray,
To all a merry Christmas day.

The indistinct form of the saint is
seen in the border with his hand to his
ear. The border of gold and greenish
grays is very effective. Mr. Walter Sat-
terlee received the second popular prize
for a card showing a group of little
street singers upon whom another group
of merry children in a gayly lighted
room are looking out. Above are seen
a number of rosy cherub faces. The
colors in this work are rich and warm.
The third artists' prize was given to
Miss Humphrey for a figure in Greek
draperies standing in a crescent and
sending forth a white dove, the white
set against a background of dark blue
sky. The third popular prize was given
to Frederick Dulman for a bright design
showing children singing before a Christ-
mas tree. Mr. Alfred
Fredericks received the fourth artists'
prize, his design representing a child
sitting in bed with a profusion of toys
about him. Though the color is rich,
the golden border being especially good,
the central design resembles an adver-
tising card. Miss Florence Maber's
fourth popular prize card shows a lady
and two children in early English cos-
tumes with hands full of holly and mis-
tletoe, walking in a snow-storm. This
work is beautiful in color and has an ef-
fective border of pale green scroll work
on a silver ground.

The Holidays.
Immediately after the holidays every
woman, who has endeavored to present
each of her intimate friends (and the
number increases at this time somewhat
after the manner of the modern Sunday-
school) with a specimen of her hand
work, resolves that she will begin next
midsummer to prepare her holiday gifts,
so that, allowing for interruptions and
delays, she may have them ready a few
days earlier the next Christmas. This
woman, wherever she may be, will per-
haps be glad to be reminded gently of
this resolve and to have a few sugges-
tions given her in regard to some of the
pretty things she can make without too
great an outlay of time. A gift to baby,
which the mother will appreciate, is one
or more fancy bibs; a now and really
striking way to make them is to em-
broider little figures, after the Kate
Greenaway style, on the front of the
bib. Suppose the material to be fleecy-
lined pique, which is both pretty and
durable; bind the edge with a narrow
bias band of white or color, or trim with
Hamburg or torchon, or buttonhole if
with working cotton; then trace some
quaint figure on it, either in the center
or at one side, and work it in outline
stitch; the embroidery may be done
with marking cotton, or with soft, un-
twisted silk, but first take the precau-
tion to try the silk in lukewarm water
to make sure that it will not fade, and so
love's labor be lost. Serviceable splashers
to be put on the wall back of the wash-
stand are made of linen moccie cloth or
common white linen or Java canvas.
Trim the edge with torchon and work
in the outline stitch; a border and cen-
ter piece, two figures like Jack and Jill,
or old Mother Hubbard and her dog,
are pretty. Haremok pillows are desir-
able. Make a cushion about half a yard
square (or a trifle larger, according to
your taste), cover with cretonne of some
bright color, make a puff to go around
the edge, so that the edges make a little
ruffle for a heading. The under side of
the pillow does not need any trimming;
the upper angle may be ornamented in
any way to suit your fancy. A simple
and effective way is to put a handsome,
wide ribbon diagonally across it, and at
each side work some fancy stitches with
silk, or you may work a border and put
a monogram in the center. Table covers
and scarfs are as handsome and popular
as ever. Elegant ones are made of
brocade velvet or plush, with borders of
different colored silks, satins or plush.
A beautiful scarf is made of cardinal
plush, with a border of green plush,
with blocks of tan-colored silk with
pansies embroidered on them—one
pansy and two or three green leaves on
each block. Less expensive but really
handsome ones are made of double-faced
canton flannel, with a border of some
richly colored and heavy ribbon; at one
side applique work in the form of a
bouquet, or some quaint figure may be
put on; fringe is needed across the bot-
tom. By exercising a little ingenuity
an appearance of originality is given.

Christmas Eve.
God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hanging in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny, scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journey
The darlings have to go.

The Mistletoe.
When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
And listen to stories old
And we try to look grave (as mids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the lau-
rel-tree.
Oh! the laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels, and why not we?
—Barry Cornwall.

The Green Christmas Follies.
An old proverb says that "a green
Christmas makes a fat churchyard,"
and inasmuch as the holidays are
almost as green as a week in June, and
as most people accept a proverb as if it
were indisputably true, it should be
said that there is no truth whatever in
this particular saying. No warrant is
found for it in statistics, and the very
fact that people whose health is below
the average are advised by physicians to
seek a mild climate in winter should
show others that when the Christmas
holidays are mild and pleasant they
should not be oppressed with any un-
usual dread of impending death. The
truth probably is that now should meet
with a cold snap the mortality rate
for the month would at once rise. It is
much and more likely that old ladies
who dwell in a world of proverbs will
come to grief than that undertakers
will have any special reason to rejoice.

Taken of Regard.
We believe in presents of all sorts—
Christmas boxes, New Year's gifts,
birthday presents, especially for child-
ren and young people. Make them re-
joice because they were born, and re-
joice with them. It is well for children
not only to receive presents but to make
them. Gifts need not be costly to be
very precious, and if they are chosen
with reference to the tastes or needs of
the recipient they have a double value.
An excellent present for a child is a
microscope, a cabinet of minerals, a
historical chart, a writing-desk, a tool-
chest, a work-box. Any one of these
gifts will be of lasting utility, some of
them can be so shared with others that
a whole family will be benefited by
them, as the chart, the cabinet, the
mineralogical cabinets can be bought
for a small sum, microscopes are for
sale at every price and are of great
value to young students.

An Architect.
The late Mr. Alexander, the eminent
architect, was under cross-examination
at Maidstone, by Sergeant Atwood,
Baron Garrow, who wished to detract
from the weight of his testimony, and,
after asking him what was his name,
proceeded: "You are a builder, I be-
lieve?" "No, sir, I am not a builder; I
am an architect." "They are much the
same, I suppose?" "I beg your pardon,
sir, I can not admit that; I consider
them to be totally different." "Oh, in-
deed! perhaps you will state wherein
this great difference exists?" "An archi-
tect, sir," replied Mr. Alexander, "con-
ceives the design, prepares the plan,
draws out the specifications—in short,
supplies the mind; the builder is merely
the bricklayer or the carpenter. The
builder, in fact, is the machine; the
architect the power that puts the ma-
chine together and sets it going." "Oh,
very well, Mr. Architect, that will do.
And now, after your very ingenious
distinctions without a difference, per-
haps you can inform the court who was
the architect of the tower of Babel?"
The reply, for promptness and wit, is
not to be divided in the whole history of
rejoinder. "There was no architect, sir,
and hence the confusion."

A Library Gift.
Books will never lose their value as
gifts suitable to all occasions. In select-
ing one, however, it is clearly happiest
to select one that the receiver will be
sure to read. Hence the impropriety of
sending a Hebrew bible to little Jack
Horner, who prefers plums to roots.
There is no trouble in fixing upon the
right kind of a book for the man or wo-
man whose mind you know. Between
friends, worthy of the name there can
hardly be a mistake. You may go to
your shelves in preference to going to
your bookseller, and taking down some
volume which both of you have admir-
ed, you write your friend's name upon
your own book plate, and the matter is
settled at once. You are sure to confer
pleasure upon the person whose taste
you have so gracefully consulted. If
we give a book to one who loves us, or
who is loved by us, it will convey a
charm quite independent of its contents.
It is as if we made offering of an op-
inion which, though not accepted,
secures hospitable entertainment be-
cause it is ours. It is like bestowing a
morsel of ourselves; and we know it will
whisper to the reader something of our
own tone and accent. So we may sing
with the poem, speculate with the phi-
losophy, narrate the history, and gossip
biographies and annals. So long after
we have departed, the friendly hand
may take down the volume; and as
the eye runs the following pages, and
catches a familiar sentence and there
the penciled marginalia, how can the
old happy evenings be forgotten or we
forgetten with them?

Price Reduced.
Anticipating the removal of the
Stamp Tax at no distant day, the
Magnetic Medicine Co., of Detroit, as
will be seen by their new advertise-
ment that appears in to-day's paper,
have reduced the price of their medi-
cine from one dollar per package to
fifty cents, and when twelve packages
are ordered at one time, and five dol-
lars paid for the same, they issue a
written guarantee agreeing to refund
the money if the full course of treat-
ment fails to effect a cure. We have
no doubt the Magnetic Medicine will
have a large sale in every section of
the country, as few medicines are sold
at as low a price, and what is especial-
ly in its favor is the guarantee of its
effecting a cure. The medicine is
sold at all Drug Stores, everywhere.
Guarantees are issued in Owosso and
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Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and
all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will
for the sake of suffering humanity, send free
to all who need it the recipe and directions
for making the simple remedy by which he
was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the
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JOHN B. GIGGS, 41 Cedar St., N. Y.

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I will mail (free) the recipe for a simple
Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles,
Pimples and blotches, leaving the skin soft,
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a simple remedy, is anxious to make known
to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To
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Between Detroit, Southern Michigan, and all points
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Copper Districts.

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L. Marquette	8.30 P. M.	6.30 A. M.
Ontonagon	8.45 "	8.30 "
Munising	10.07 "	8.45 "
Seney	10.52 "	9.35 "
McMillan	11.25 "	10.00 "
Newberry	1.15 "	1.00 "
A. Pt. St. Ignace	1.45 "	1.30 "

GOING WEST.

L. Pt. St. Ignace	10.30 P. M.	10.50 A. M.
Newberry	1.43 A. M.	1.40 P. M.
McMillan	2.12 "	2.05 "
Seney	2.45 "	2.40 "
Munising	4.49 "	4.50 "
Ontonagon	5.34 "	5.35 "
A. Marquette	6.49 "	6.58 "

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